

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Untold.—Two Stories.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

### I.

**I**N vain desire my weary days drag slow,  
The burden of my grief I can not share;  
Alone and sad my aching heart must bear  
The untold love that she will never know.  
She can not see that whither she may go  
My yearning soul in longing follows there,  
Nor feel that I am lonely everywhere  
That she is not. Alas! lost love is woe.

The joys that I have sought can never be,  
My fondest hopes, I know, will turn to naught.  
Perhaps in after days some one will tell,  
When memory leads a friend to mention me,  
"Poor soul! I felt for him; he never thought  
Of how he loved—not wisely, but too well."

### II.

I little knew how drear the days could be  
When he is gone. His honest, pleading face,  
Reproachful now stares at me every place,  
And seems to wonder why I did not see.  
But I, too well, I read his love for me,  
Although my own I would not let him trace.  
And since he's gone I can not now efface  
That love that lives and grows in memory.

If he but spoke those words I would not tell  
Then that were all; and yet how should he know  
Since I grew stranger, colder every day?  
Could he but say them, he would say them well;  
'Tis my fault that our loves are blighted so,  
For mine I would not, his he could not, say.

## A Game for Two.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

**M**ISS MARJORIE DAWSON was rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and sweet-tempered; one of those little girls that seem always to be children, and whom one can scarcely resist caressing as one would a child.

Miss Marjorie, however, was no longer a child. She was nineteen years of age and daintily womanish. Marjorie had finished her studies, and she was heartily glad she had. Her stay at home no longer would be haunted by thoughts of returning to school, and she felt now that she could enjoy life to its full.

Shortly after her return from school, Marjorie was invited by her cousin, Maude Wright, to attend a house-party that Maude was giving. Marjorie was delighted. She was fond of gayety, fond of meeting strange people; but this fondness had not been much indulged, for Marjorie, except when at school, had been away but very little, and Mt. Vernon was a dry old place. And now she was going to Maude's house-party. Maude, further, was for Marjorie the personification of social grace and elegance. The house-party would be a success, Marjorie was sure of that. Everything that Maude gave was a success. The house and grounds were suburban, and ideal for entertaining a house-party, and Marjorie knew that Maude had used care in selecting the guests. True, Marjorie had expected that her particular friend, Ralph Bennett, would be one of the guests, and now Ralph could not come. But Marjorie bore this disappointment philosophically, and she determined that it should not interfere with her enjoyment of the house-party.

A few days before Marjorie was to start to



the house-party a letter came from Maude. Maude was very sorry that Mr. Bennett had been forced to withdraw his conditional acceptance, but she was glad to say that a substitute had been found. A Mr. Blackburn, a lieutenant in the navy, happened to be in town. Maude's brother, Ben, had met him seven or eight years before at a football game between Ben's college and the Naval Academy, and when Mr. Blackburn understood the house-party dilemma he readily consented to take Mr. Bennett's place. He had two months' furlough on his hands, and he would be glad to spend a week or two of it at a house-party.

"Of course," wrote Maude, "none of us knows anything about Mr. Blackburn except that he is a naval officer. But Ben says that he remembers him at college, that he was a good right-guard, and such like nonsense, and Ben insists that he is all right. So, little Sweet-heart, you will have a great, big, black-eyed navy lieutenant to look after you and tell you tales of his cruise around the world, storms at sea, whales, and all that sort of thing. And while it would be hard to find anyone that could take Mr. Bennett's place with you, yet you will admit that I have done my best to secure an acceptable substitute."

Maude's letter greatly pleased Marjorie. She wished to punish Ralph for not arranging to attend the house-party, and she knew that a flirtation with a naval officer would be the very best way to punish him, for Ralph on general principles disliked officers of either the army or navy, and he also would dislike the idea of Marjorie carrying on a flirtation with anybody. So Marjorie dreamed over the letter for awhile, and her head began to fill with images—shadowy though they were—of black-eyed heroes, of epaulets, brass buttons and all the rest that go to make a uniformed figure irresistible. She finally decided that she already was becoming interested in this hero of the sea.

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The last day of the house-party had come, and all the guests were feeling the influence of that strange sensation, so subduing in its effect, that always fills the minds and hearts of persons who after living awhile together in close sympathy are about to disperse again, perhaps forever.

The time had passed far too quickly for Marjorie. It had all been a dream, a happy, gay dream to her; but it had passed so quickly. She did not know when she would see Mr.

Blackburn again. He was going South for a visit and would have to join his ship at Hampton Roads without again coming North. To-morrow he would be gone, and Marjorie felt that she would miss him. Ralph, it is true, would come for a few hours the next day, and would accompany her back to Mount Vernon, but she always had Ralph, and besides he was just an ordinary man full of business. He could not tell a flying jib from a main-sail, nor had he ever kept the night watch on a battle-ship, seen all the world, nor smelt gunpowder.

The afternoon before he left, Mr. Blackburn and Marjorie spent together. They seemed to care little what the others were doing; they wished only the company of each other. They sat long together in a shaded part of the grounds, and the minutes glided swiftly by. Too soon the day passed, and the serenity of the sun's afterglow filled the earth with that stillness, that incomprehensible peace that marks the dying of a summer day. He soon must go; they said their good-byes before returning to the house.

"Well, Blackburn, is it a conquest?" inquired a loquacious youth, as Mr. Blackburn joined a group of his fellow-guests who were waiting for the ladies to come down to dinner.

"I fear it is," replied the brave lieutenant. "The government pays us you know to make conquests, and we have to earn our money once and awhile. Pardon me, gentlemen, I see Miss Dawson is waiting."

"The conceited ass!" remarked the loquacious youth.

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Miss Marjorie was seated in the big chair in her father's study. She had started to read, but so many thoughts crowded into her busy head that she found it difficult to keep the thread of her story. She had not been home long, and her mind in its wanderings recalled the events of the house-party and not infrequently the image of Mr. Blackburn. Thus busy with her thoughts Marjorie sat in the big chair in her father's study.

"A letter, Miss Marjorie."

Marjorie took the letter from the maid, and a glance at the post-mark and the strange handwriting caused the color to rise higher in her cheeks. Her fingers twitched a little as she opened the envelope.

"I trust, my dear Miss Dawson, that you have not taken seriously our little flirtation at your cousin's house-party. For if you have I

should feel myself even more guilty than now I do in confessing to you that I chose my wife several years ago, and that we now are living very happily together."

Marjorie did not faint away; in fact, she made no demonstration, though she blushed very deeply. Taking up the envelope in which the letter had come, she looked intently at the post-mark and noted the date upon it. Then Marjorie smiled a very significant smile, and in her mind's eye she saw another scene that was being enacted far away. For upon the same afternoon that Marjorie sat in the big chair in her father's study, Mr. Blackburn stepped out into the office of a family hotel in a Southern city. He walked up to the desk, and the clerk handed him a paper that had come with the afternoon mail. It was addressed to Lieutenant Blackburn, U. S. N., and was labeled "Marked Copy." He tore away the wrapper, and turned to the marked item. It was the announcement of the engagement of Mr. Ralph Bennett to Miss Marjorie Dawson.

When the lieutenant read the announcement of Marjorie's engagement he felt he could have given a month's salary to have recalled the patronizing letter to her. The meaning he took from the engagement announcement was that the house-party guests had played a trick on him; that Marjorie had pretended innocence, and had led him on while the others were amusing themselves over his conceit. He recalled the knowing looks of those fellows when the loquacious youth had asked him if it was a conquest. Ben Wright must have known that he was married. Yes, he had been hoaxed, badly hoaxed. His letter to Marjorie, no doubt, was going the rounds and causing the house guests much amusement. The story would get into the navy; his wife would hear of it. Yet there was no way to stop it. He would have to keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Blackburn's indignation began to arise. The worst sort of anger is anger at oneself, and that is the sort of anger that seized upon Mr. Blackburn.

"Sam," he said suddenly, straightening up and looking sternly at the clerk, "did you ever make an utter ass of yourself?"

"Not that I know of," answered Sam.

"You are fortunate, Sam, very fortunate. I recently made an ass of *myself*, Sam, a bloomin' ass of myself!" And clenching the fatal newspaper tightly in his hand, the gallant lieutenant strutted out into the street looking fierce enough to demolish a whole fleet of war-ships.

### The Resurrection.

ST. JOHN O SULLIVAN, 1900.

THE right to heaven's joy man forfeited  
What time he fell and knew his Maker's  
frown;

But God decreed to send a Saviour down  
To rescue man by dying in his stead.  
Thereon redemption's arch is riveted:  
One foot includes the sin of first renown,  
The other holds the promise; at the crown  
The keystone rules—the triumph o'er the dead.

From out the tomb the God-Man rose again,  
And proved Himself divine as He had told;  
God willed the promise thus to consummate.  
He deemed it well to give Himself for men,  
His love for man to show a thousandfold,  
Although the sin was infinitely great.

### Easter Stuff.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.



CIVILIZED society is divided into two classes: those that write and those that do not. The latter has become almost too narrow to receive much notice. The former, which is engaged at present in penning of Easter, has my sympathy and attention for a brief space.

I have wondered often why men write. With some it seems a necessity of their nature. It can not be so with all, or certainly some cruelly strange natures are created in our day.

Homer, though he did not write, may be named the first literary man. He sang, I am convinced, because he was born to sing and could not well avoid doing so. Yet he had a modest ambition to be remembered for his music, if some one has not falsely attributed verses to him that he never made. I mean those addressed to the Delian women, in which he says,—“Farewell to you all, and remember me in time to come, and when any one of men on earth, a stranger from far, shall inquire of you, O maidens, who is the sweetest of minstrels hereabout, and in whom do you most delight? then make answer modestly, ‘It is a blind man, and he lives in steep Chios.’”

Many of his greatest successors for the same reason, I believe, “breathed soul-animating strains, alas too few!” To these the world is indebted for its priceless literature. What a treasure! what a store of wealth for every age to come!

The Roman poet, who spoke of his monument more lasting than bronze, should have been contented, I think, to include himself with his betters by using "We" for "I." Certainly the words of the great ones have endured; yet I often muse with concern on the uncertain manner of their preservation. To have the Iliad and Odyssey dependent on the memory of generations; the poetry and prose of Rome on the saving of manuscripts from fire and loss; Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet on the chance copies of actors, is to me a disquieting reflection. What a relief to have such things permanently printed and bound in books! That precious folio of Shakspeare is monument enough for the inventor of the printing-press.

Literature almost owes its existence to the printing-press. It has given us the best of all time, and it has, I fear, made writing an industry. The author is now very near being an industrial agent. His productions are subject to the laws of supply and demand. He is not so much an artist as he is a man of business. "His eye in a fine frenzy rolling," looks ever on the market to discover what is selling; that he labours to produce.

Steele and Addison invented, or inaugurated, periodical literature which, by a process of evolution, to speak scientifically, developed into the present trade of writing. Whatever is ventured now in letters must first be tasted by the public from the periodicals. Then, if it suit the public taste, it is served cold in book form, or put forth again as a kind of stew in the form of a play. We have, of course, hired tasters on whose judgment we depend to a slight extent. The success of the writer depends not so much on his ability to produce art, but rather on his power to supply what the readers demand. The commercial test is the rule that governs productions of the pen.

"The world is too much with us." The ancients were concerned mostly with their own affairs; civilization extended not beyond the borders of their own lands, they thought. Imagine the Greeks or Romans hearing what happens to the seventy million souls that thrive on this spot set in the immeasurable sea! Even our poor revolutionary fathers were content to hear the news of parts, not so distant as this from our national capital, a month or more old. No corner of the earth is remote now. The yellow or black or brown man whispers his doings of the day into his white brother's ear. We are neighbors one of another.

The means of locomotion and transmission

that have made it possible for us to learn so much have made it necessary that some one write. This is the business of the literary man. We must have the history of all countries; accounts of the people; news of the wars, political changes and crops; stories of foreign people with foreign names, speaking foreign words. Publication has become so easy that there is no time for literature; we must have news.

At this season, "as I avowed at starting," the literary workers are telling of Easter. As everything the shop-keepers display bears the name Easter, so must the wares of the literary man. The characters of the story must wear Easter-bonnets, belts, shoes, hats; fall in love, separate or be married, because it is Easter Sunday. There must be Easter hymns,—verse with the word Easter in some of the lines. The essayist must talk of the manner of celebrating the season; the custom of giving presents; say why eggs are coloured and how. In some way chat of Easter or people that celebrate it.

In nondescript writing, such as this, it must be contrived by statement or suggestion to make known the fact that it is the Easter time. So I can but extend the Easter greeting to you, reader, and have done.

### A Dull March Day.

JOHN J. DOWD.

**D**UN, soggy clouds hang dreary,  
Over a water-soaked land.  
How pass the time is a query,  
Such weather we can't long withstand.

Over a water-soaked land  
Settles a saturant sky—  
Such weather we can't long withstand;  
We'll resolve into rain by-and-by.

Settles a saturant sky,—  
That crow almost swims through the fog.  
We'll resolve into rain by-and-by—  
'Tis surely the life of a frog.

That crow almost swims through the fog.  
The mist drenches one to the skin.  
'Tis surely the life of a frog,  
Whether without or within.

The mist drenches one to the skin.  
A flower or bird can't be seen.  
Whether without or within,  
The atmosphere steeps one in spleen.

A flower or bird can't be seen,  
How pass the time is a query.  
The atmosphere steeps one in spleen.  
Dun, soggy clouds hang dreary.

## Two Easters at Woodlawn.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.



WOODLAWN was a pleasant country place, situated about one mile east of the city of Bowling Green. The residence, which was built in the colonial style, and the grand old forest trees, joined with modern improvements and culture, admirably linked the past and present.

As Samuel Clark drove into the yard at Woodlawn, three small children were playing hide-and-seek among the large trees and the shrubs. His wife and eldest son, a boy of sixteen, were plotting out a flower bed; while his youngest child, a lad of two years, was using his most powerful invectives against Nero, a big Newfoundland dog, for switching his tail out of his lordship's hands. Nero barked and ran to meet his master. Soon Samuel was surrounded by his family, each eager to see what presents he had purchased for them in the city.

Samuel was restless that night, and, as usual with him on the night before Easter, scenes of long ago were vying for places in his memory. Easter had marked the most important events in his career, and on that day the past so strangely contrasted itself with the present that his soul was alternately changing between sorrow and joy at thoughts of what his life used to be and what it is now.

Samuel Clark and Katharine Brown were the two most popular young persons in Bowling Green. Their marriage was the chief social event of the season. The two leading rival families of the city were united by this union; and men and women of maturer years said that the marriage of Samuel and Katharine meant less gossip and greater prosperity in Bowling Green. By all it was considered a good omen.

A short time after his marriage Samuel joined the Webster Club. Only young married men were eligible, and a necessary adjunct to membership was "to be rich."

Although brought up in luxury the temptations afforded by the Webster Club were of too indulgent a nature for Samuel Clark's well-being. He had never cultivated a taste for wine, but his associations at the club soon led to the most violent excesses. In vain his wife besought him to quit the club; but he turned a deaf ear. The club's fascinations were fast overcoming him. At last his conduct

grew to be unbearable, and poor Katharine's life at Woodlawn became desperate. Finally on Easter morning in the second year of their marriage the end came.

"Well, go! take the boy with you!" said Clark, and at these words Mrs. Clark pressed her six-months old son to her bosom and left the room. She stopped just outside the door, and taking her wedding ring from her finger threw it on the floor at the feet of her drunken husband. Unconsciously Samuel picked up the ring and fell back into his arm-chair in a stupor.

Gloomy and depressed was Mrs. Clark when she stepped out into the cheerful sunshine on Easter morning. The perfume wafted from the apple blossoms, and the song of the robin had no charm for her. She cast one tearful glance at Woodlawn, and holding her boy closer to her bosom she entered the carriage.

Samuel slept in his chair until late in the afternoon. When he awoke he was alone. In his right hand he held a ring, and after looking at it for a moment, all that had taken place in the morning began quickly to unfold itself before his mind. Full consciousness of what had happened placed him in utter despair. He paced up and down, staring intently at the ring. With that Katharine had severed herself from him forever. Should he go and ask her to come home with him again? A look at the ring decided. No! "Then," he gasped, "I'll go too."

Samuel Clark had just left the breakfast table when the porter handed him his mail. After exchanging the usual morning greeting and a few words with several of his friends that he met in the corridor of the hotel, he went to his room. Lighting a cigar he began to examine his morning mail. The first letter he opened was from his lessee at Woodlawn. The lessee said that everything was going on well about the farm; and he wanted to know if Samuel was willing to make another five years' lease of Woodlawn. He said the contract would expire next Monday, Easter Monday, and that he would like to hear from Mr. Clark at once.

The mere mention of Easter and the lease of Woodlawn filled Samuel's soul with sorrow. He could read no more. Though alone, he looked nervously around as if he doubted his privacy. The consciousness of his former disgraceful conduct defied seclusion. He had thought many times over the past, and of what it might have been; but never before had



the lost possibilities of past happiness seemed so directly opposed to present ease and contentment. His memory was becoming more active all the while. He could stand the results of its exertions no longer. Samuel left the room.

Mingling with the crowd on the street gave some little relief; yet his thoughts were to the same bent as when he left his room.

"Five years to-morrow," he mused, "since I left Woodlawn; and the drunken, disgraceful life I led before has ceased, but I have lost wife and child."

He walked about the city until noon. As a result of his morning's efforts, he had decided to go to the city of Beechland that night, and then perchance on the morrow, he might drive over to Woodlawn, which was only nine miles distance, just to look at the old place.

The evening train left for Beechland at 7:20, and after spending a restless afternoon he arrived at the railway station about 7 o'clock. He walked into the waiting-room, and a woman and little boy were the only persons he found there. Samuel sat down and began to read the evening paper. He had been sitting but a short time when the little boy, whom he had noticed running around in the room, came up and asked him when the train would be here.

"In about five minutes," he answered looking closely at the child. There was something about the face that recalled the past.

"What's your name?" asked Samuel in a tone as if he feared the boy's answer.

"Samuel," was the reply; and just then the elder Samuel's eyes met the wondering stare of a woman who was seated on the other side of the room. He arose, and the woman, turning as pale as death, arose also.

"Katharine," stammered Samuel, and taking the child by the hand, he approached her. "Katharine," he entreated, "forgive me."

And she, seeing how changed and well he looked, only answered in a confused voice.

"Samuel."

And he taking the old wedding ring from his watch chain, placed it on her finger, and said, "This time let the seal be forever." And Katharine, in the prime of life, and full of a mother's love, took up her boy in her arms and kissing him handed him to Samuel, saying, "This seal will be more lasting."

Just then the train arrived at the station. The next day the bright Easter sun shone happily at Woodlawn.

Tolle, Lege.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

ONE day Augustine sat in pensive thought:  
He heard a voice say: "Take and read;  
For what this book contains thy soul will feed,  
And every word herein will keep from naught  
The precious gem that He so dearly bought,  
Who came on earth to prop the tender reed,  
To help and teach the erring soul to lead  
The spirit-life and do the moral 'ought.'"

Then rose the great Augustine from his chair,  
And lo! before him stood the Virgins pure,  
Whose beauty held in awe his troubled soul,  
And filled with fragrance sweet the desert air.  
"No longer, sin," cried he, "shalt thou allure  
My heart; like these I, too, must reach the goal."

The State vs. Larkin.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

MERNA was only a small town situated in a Pennsylvanian mining district; but when court was called after the warm months had passed, large crowds of people poured into its streets from all parts of the surrounding country. The mines were shut down, the miners gathered at the street corners, and with great excitement discussed the probable outcome of the State versus Larkin, the first case on the docket. A murder trial in a small town always causes great disturbance. This one, however, out-classed all.

William Larkin had been indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Samuel Parker. Larkin and Parker had been in love with the same girl, and each week widened the breach between them. They had frequent quarrels, and in a short time became bitter enemies. Matters kept growing worse until one evening they met in a cigar store. Immediately they began quarrelling, and Larkin threatened to take the other's life if Parker didn't leave town within twenty-four hours. Parker walked out of the store followed by Larkin. The next morning Parker's body was found lying in the courtyard, cold and stiff. He had been shot during the night. Suspicion immediately turned on Larkin. He was arrested and placed in jail to await a hearing.

When the day set for the trial arrived excitement ran high. Larkin was very popular, and he belonged to one of the most respectable

families in the community. These facts in themselves created great interest in the case. But a far deeper interest was taken in it because O'Dwyer, the State's attorney, and Larkin, the prisoner, were sworn enemies. Their enmity was handed down to them from their fathers, and it was strengthened by the fact that Larkin prevented O'Dwyer from being elected county treasurer which was then considered the highest office in the district.

In the court-room everything was bustle and confusion. The place was packed with people. The lawyers were busy arranging their papers and getting their witnesses together. Finally, Judge Elvin entered, and the bedlam was checked by the loud voice of the bailiff calling the court to order. Larkin, the prisoner, was brought in. He was pale and thin, but as cool and resolute-looking as ever. He paid no attention to his surroundings, and quietly took his seat behind his attorneys.

The clerk of the court read the indictment, and the prisoner pleaded "not guilty." After the selection of a jury, O'Dwyer made his opening statement and proceeded to bring on his witnesses. One witness testified that he saw Larkin buy a revolver and also that he heard him threaten to shoot Parker if he did not leave town. A revolver was found on the street north of the court-house and a gun-smith identified it as one coming from his store, but whether it was the particular weapon he sold to Larkin or not, he was unable to say. In general, their answers tended to prove that Larkin was guilty, yet none saw the shooting. Their evidence was mostly circumstantial. But it was of such a positive character that it was clearly inconsistent with the innocence of the prisoner, and therefore had great weight with the jury. The last witness for the prosecution was a political rival of the prisoner, and this man seemed bent on digging into his past life. This was objected to by the defendant's attorney, and the court sustained the objection. The State's attorney protested but with no avail. After wrangling over the point for some time this attorney took exception and dismissed the witness. Larkin's attorney made his opening statement to the jury and then introduced his evidence. He tried to prove an alibi, but failed miserably. His witnesses were all more or less confused and on cross-examination they frequently contradicted themselves.

The people in the court-room felt that O'Dwyer was resorting to every means possible to gain a verdict of guilty. It seemed

only natural that he should. His fame as a lawyer rested largely upon the outcome of this case. He was a young man and but lately elected to the office of State's attorney, and this was his first important trial in that capacity; then, besides, Larkin was his enemy. These considerations, in the eyes of the people, were sufficient to spur any man on to victory. O'Dwyer was very nervous during the trial, but people attributed this to his eagerness to win. After every little triumph, he would turn to see what effect it had on the prisoner. Larkin's hatred for the man was intense, yet he controlled his feelings and met his opponent's torturing looks defiantly. The spectators were quick to observe the meaning of every look and movement, and their sympathies were with the defense.

Larkin's case seemed hopeless. Circumstances were against him, and an impenetrable gloom spread over the court-room. The case was not only one-sided but it was poorly contested. Larkin's attorney gave frequent examples of his incompetency to conduct an important trial. After confusing his best witness until the witness hardly knew where he was standing, the attorney rested his case, and O'Dwyer arose to address the jury. The spectators leaned forward to catch his words, while the jurymen appeared spell-bound. Judge Elvin heaved a sigh of relief when the witnesses had finished, and then settled back in his chair and began wiping his glasses.

O'Dwyer reviewed the evidence, coloring it to suit his side of the case, and spoke in a disparaging way of the defense. He frequently referred to Larkin in anything but soothing terms. Then pointing at him contumeliously, he would give vent to his sarcasm and ridicule, of which, by the way, he had a bountiful supply. He ended by making a vigorous assault upon the defendant's reputation, and throwing a few doubtful compliments at his adversary. Larkin's attorney, after paying his respects to the opposition, proceeded to bolster up his own evidence and tear down the testimony for the prosecution. He succeeded in tiring out the jurors by harping on minor points, while the important phases of the case were passed over unnoticed. Fully an hour was spent in explaining what was meant by a reasonable doubt, and, unintentionally, he managed to convince each juror that he had no reasonable doubt of the defendant's guilt.

The State's attorney made his closing argument short and decisive. As he stepped back

to his place he glanced around the room with a satisfied smile. He appeared pleased at the thought of having convicted his lifelong enemy. The court gave its instructions, and the jurors were taken out to the jury-room to decide upon a verdict. The spectators began moving about and wondering when the jurors would return. The audience felt convinced that Larkin was guilty, but they disliked the impudent ways of the State's attorney. Larkin gave up all hope of acquittal and was prepared for the worst. Judge Elvin thinking, perhaps, that the jury would be out for some time, ordered the prisoner taken back to his cell and was preparing to go home. Just as he was about to leave, the door of the jury-room was opened and the jurors filed into the court-room. All conversation was cut short, and every one listened attentively as the judge asked the foreman of the jury the usual questions, and then ordered the clerk of the court to read the verdict.

"We the jury find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

The spectators shuddered. O'Dwyer smiled and Larkin bowed his head. Judge Elvin, turning to the prisoner, asked in a solemn tone:

"Do you know of any reason why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

"I do, judge," cried out a gruff-looking man as he came stumbling into the court-room.

Every one held his breath in amazement.

"Ten thousand, Frank," gasped O'Dwyer with a look of horror on his face.

"No, nor would I keep still any longer for twenty thousand," shouted Frank. "Your Honor, I'm Frank Lamb. Your State's attorney, O'Dwyer, killed Samuel Parker thinking it was William Larkin, and I helped him. Larkin is an innocent man."

The spectators trembled; Larkin sprang to his feet, and O'Dwyer sank to the floor.

#### Trying.

I TRIED to write a triolet,  
And 'twas but vain presumption;  
The rare, rich rimés I could not get  
To form aright that triolet.  
I gave it over with regret.  
I say it with compunction,  
I tried to write a triolet  
And 'twas but vain presumption.

J. J. D.

#### By his Mother's Advice.

JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99.



YOUNG Wareland was in all respects a model young man. The firm in which he held a small clerkship considered him as one of its most faithful and industrious helpers, and Wareland merited this opinion. He arrived punctually at seven o'clock in the morning, attended faithfully to his duties, and, without doubt, devoted himself heart and soul to his employer's interests. He was a retiring young fellow, and preferred to spend his evenings in the public library at lecture courses than with his fellow-clerks in card-playing or billiards.

When his father died, and left him and his mother almost without any resources, he cheerfully took up his burden, and succeeded manfully for two years. His mother, as all mothers do, regarded him as one of the wonders of his century, and thought only an opportunity was wanting to raise him to his rightful position. She would sit in the little cottage they rented, and dream of the time when John would be the foremost man in the city's affairs. Although his advance in business suited her, she was not at all satisfied with his progress in a social way. Surely, John could not obtain the prominent position in the world she meant he should, unless he overcame his timidity. To do this he must mingle with women of refinement, and she herself determined to introduce him into this sphere.

She induced him one evening to accompany her to call on the Hardens, friends that she had known in more prosperous days. That night after they had returned and John was trying the doors and windows of their little house before retiring, she was obliged to acknowledge that John's entrance into society had not been a success. Although the Misses Harden had been most attentive to him, especially the younger, Gertrude, who had "made eyes" at her John, he did not meet their advances at all. He fingered the upholstery and played with the tassels on the chair, until she was in an agony lest he should tear them from their moorings. After remaining for a decent time, she hurried him away before he could further disgrace himself. But although her mind was seething with these thoughts, she uttered not a word of them to John, and he, breathing a sigh of relief, was glad that



the painful duty was over, and was silent also.

Mrs. Wareland, however, was not a woman to be balked by one defeat. She urged John to join a night dancing class; and though the young man rebelled at first, he finally yielded to his mother's exhortations. As the months wore on, John actually entered somewhat into the spirit of the affair, and gave an impetus to his mother's hopes. But she was yet far from being satisfied.

Toward the end of June, his employers sent Wareland to Troversville with an important document, which he would give to Marsters, the firm's agent, who would meet him there.

After he had settled himself comfortably in the car, waiting for the train to start, a well-dressed young woman entered the coach. As the only remaining place was in Wareland's seat, she asked him in a sweet, clear voice if it was free. He hastily assured her it was, and crowded himself closer to the window. Although his timidity had worn partly off, the proximity of so fair a companion already excited him, and when she asked him if he would close the window, he felt the commotion beneath his ribs increase.

"You know the dust is so thick," she added apologetically, "and one gets enough in a day."

"Do you intend to travel all day?" Wareland managed to blurt out.

"Nearly," she answered, "but I shall have to stop over in Troversville for the western train."

"Why, that's where I'm going," broke in Wareland, and finding they had one point in common, he felt his courage rising. Until they reached Troversville they kept up a continuous conversation. She did most of the talking, but Wareland outshone himself. He wished his mother were there to see him. He felt a confidence in those trusting blue eyes, and soon was telling her all about his work in the everyday business terms he was accustomed to. She remarked that he must be clever to be so intimate with business ways, and delighted him by saying she would never be able to grasp and understand them.

While turning about carelessly on a hundred different subjects he remarked to himself that her English was excellent, and that she was evidently well educated. He noticed the cut and texture of her garments, her rings and the dainty purse with her name, Miss Grey, engraven upon it, and he guessed that she was wealthy. How lucky it was for him to meet her, and he believed that she already admired him.

When they reached Troversville, he looked

up a time-table, and found that her train was the one by which he expected Marsters. As she had an hour to wait, he proposed taking dinner. She hesitated a moment; then they both started over to the little village hotel. During the meal she laughed at his stories, complimented him at every opportunity, and actually squeezed his hand while he was helping her with her wraps after dinner. As they walked back to the station, Wareland's heart was all aflutter. He longed to tell her all he felt, but restrained himself. He would let no boyish indiscretion destroy his chances.

Arrived at the ticket-window she looked hastily into her hand-bag and cried:

"Why, where's my purse?"

Wareland looked blankly at her, and, beyond a couple of inarticulate "Whys," was unable to say a word.

"Where could I have dropped it?" she asked imploringly. "I don't remember having it since I left the train."

Wareland immediately recognized this as a most happy opportunity engineered by the gods in his behalf. That Miss Grey had any influence over the doings of the deities was far from his thoughts. He would lend her the ten-dollar bill he had in his pocket, and borrow his return fare from Marsters. When Miss Grey returned the money he could write in acknowledgment of the payment, and so a correspondence would spring up.

Poor John! his mother was right; he should have begun earlier. At first Miss Grey hesitated to accept his loan, but the circumstances were pressing, and Wareland soon made her see the case in its right light.

"How good of you, Mr. Wareland. I don't know what I would have done! What is your address?"

He handed her his card as the train arrived. Stepping upon the platform, she gave him her hand, and said:

"I thank you so much. Mamma will be so grateful too. Good-bye."

She gave his hand a little pressure, darted a glance of gratitude at him, and hurried into the car. Wareland's heart fluttered and the train pulled out.

Mr. Marsters did not get off the train, but John did not care much. His mind was too full of more tender thoughts. That night as he rode back to the city on the "bumpers" of an east-bound freight, he thought how sweet it was to be loved, and that after all mother was right.

## Two Broken Lilies.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.



THE little girl in the sick room smiled sweetly at the budding Easter lily that nodded on the window-sill. The window framed a cloud of misty green apple leaflets against a patch of blue sky. Glinting through the window the sunlight darted into dark nooks where the little one had scarce dared to peer. A fresh spring breeze wafted the fragrance of greening fields and flowering woods through the open casement. She could hear a robin fluting in the tree near by, and the murmur of the little brook rippling through the orchard crept gently in.

How long it seemed she had lain there! The frightened little white faces were almost forgotten—faces of schoolmates that stared at her as she lay unable to rise on the icy walk where she had fallen—oh! so long ago—when the trees were bare and the brooks were hushed and the flowers were hiding under the snow. Only one face stood out—a face full of love and pity—the face of her teacher. She remembered how softly she was gathered up in the teacher's arms, and then all was dark until she awoke in her own little room.

She looked wistfully at the lily for a moment, and then day-dreamed anew.

And when she awoke she had seen in the dim lamp light a man bending over her. To her drowsy eyes at first he seemed her father; then she saw it was her old friend, the doctor. The shadows on the blue wall were distorted and wavered in the dancing light. Then she had heard her mother's stifled sobbing, and she saw again her father standing grim and white in the doorway. Afterwards she remembered those words—words not meant for her and which she did not understand. Ah! but how she hated the doctor for them! Had they not made her mother weep afresh and made her father start and grow paler still. But what did they mean?—"Her spine is injured."

The words had meant nothing to the little child of eight. But what right had he to make her mother weep? And why was everyone so quiet in the chamber? And why did all step on tip-toe and whisper with faces turned away? And why had they kept her in bed when she had rather have been outside? Why had they tied her down so she could not move, and yet when she asked when she was to go out they said "to-morrow?" But why did to-morrow never come? The poor little child-brain could not answer the rush of questions; and with turbulent thoughts thronging through her head she fell asleep and dreamt of her one friend which they told her would blossom at Easter. When she woke again the sunlight had crept over the foot of the bed and she watched the little dust motes that danced and floated in the golden beam.

The wind had freshened and the apple-tree was tossing in the breeze. A few petals from the early blossoms drifted through the window.

Still the breeze freshened, and she saw a cloud creep across her little spot of blue. Another and another passed. Then the beam on the bed began to glimmer and finally faded away. The room grew dark and the little one was frightened. She thought of nothing but her lily waving wildly in the window. Still the breeze grew and a few first drops of an April shower pattered through the leaflets of the tree outside. Footsteps sounded on the stairway just as the first wild flurry of the shower burst. The lily's stem snapped in the gust of wind, and the little one, with a pitiful look on her face, half rose with outstretched arms to save it. And then she sank back as the door opened.

The shower passed and the sunlight again crept over the foot of the bed and gilded the still head of the child. But the little one did not see nor feel it. Two lilies had died together.

## The Craftsman.

JOHN J. DOWD.

THE workman took from a stupid sheep  
The tubes that its aliment held,  
He sliced the heart from a maple tree,  
From a horse's tail some hairs plucked he.  
Then stringing the tubes in steady sweep,  
Fitted for cadence sharp or deep  
Around the heart of the maple tree,  
Across it a skein of hairs drew he,  
And from stuff so base such music swelled  
As device more dainty has ne'er excelled.

## The Crucifixion.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

## I.

NOT Erebus is darker than the cloud  
Now gathering o'er the setting sun, to shroud  
From mortal view the tender Lamb that bleeds  
In sacrifice for man's ungrateful deeds.

## II.

His face is pale, besprinkled here and there  
With clotted blood, and that once golden hair  
Is tangled, knotted 'bout His sacred head,—  
No longer gold, but dyed a crimson red.

## III.

The murmurs of a feeble voice, in tone  
Still clear and sweet, is heard upon the lone  
Forsaken Mount, and Mary ever mild  
Receives the sinless John as guard and child.

## IV.

The Saviour's dying words are said and past,  
A moment yet ere He shall breathe His last;  
The angels hover 'neath the temple's dome,  
That they may bear His soul in silence home.

## Dramatic Criticism of To-day.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK (LAW), '99.

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June,  
Hope, constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics.—BYRON.

**T**HIS denunciation of Jeffrey and the Scottish Reviewers by one that was so cruelly wronged by them is as true to-day as it was when written. It is manifestly unfair to condemn an entire profession for the faults of a few of its members, but it is also unfair to let the mediocrity of the many pass unnoticed because of the brilliancy of the few. There are at the present time judges of literary and artistic merit whose decisions are models of impartiality and learning; but every thinking man knows that the majority of our present-day critics are deficient in those qualities that above all others should be theirs.

Life is now too short for universal learning; specialization is the tendency now directing men, and in keeping with this tendency a body of trained men has come into existence whose sole duty is to point out the beauties and defects in the work of others.

This body is made up of all sorts of men. Every fledgling critic has his school and his

following. No especial requirements are necessary to the admittance of a man into the craft. And once in he remains—the self-appointed arbiter of right and wrong in others; the irresponsible critic whose decrees are received as final by his particular school. That this blind adherence to the dicta of incompetent judges works serious harm to our stage no one denies. The question is, then, how the standard of contemporary dramatic criticism can be raised. The answer is by making the critic feel his responsibilities and encouraging him in honest expression of his sound opinions. This reform can come only from within. But how?

One effective means lies in the growing custom of allowing or requiring the critic to sign his criticism. This puts the stamp of individuality upon his work and makes the critic feel that he owes a duty to himself to be honest and intelligent. It affords him a wider field for his talents, because the desire for success and recognition common to us all impels him to do his best. Knowing that he is to stand or fall by force of his own ability he will strive to do the best possible work. He is no longer a part of an immense producing machine, but is an independent worker. What cares the unrecognized workman in the pottery that the gods look behind? But the master-workman, the man that is responsible for the work, cares and guards against everything that will lessen the effect of his labor.

In specialization there should be individualization. Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Hazlitt wrote their studies of the stage over their names. The signed articles written to-day by Mr. William Archer, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. William Winter and Mr. John Corbin have made the work of these men stand out from the indistinguishable mass of anonymous criticism in a way that is not only a credit to themselves but a pleasure to their readers and a distinct service to the stage itself. These men are types of the real critic.

So long as the people place as much confidence as they do in the writings of supposedly competent critics, is it the duty of the critics to label their goods, and let people know what material they are getting.

The reputations won by honest critics that write fearlessly and openly have directly helped the advancement of dramatic art. The player will work harder to satisfy a discerning critic than he will to please a nonentity. There will be fewer nonentities if the judge will always sign his opinion.

## Easter.

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER.

THE flaming sword swung over Eden's gate,  
 The fallen pair passed out unto their toil  
 Of many years  
 With bitter tears,  
 Mid direst pain to till the curséd soil  
 And rue that fault which both had known too late.  
 Oh! wretched fate of honored choice,  
 Ye would not heed that simple word,  
 But scorned by act your Maker's voice  
 And foolish words ye gravely heard.

The rent was made; then wider grew the gulf  
 'Twixt Eden's land and earth's drear field of strife,  
 Till muddy streams, and gushing, foaming depths  
 Obscured the Source whence sprang our very life.  
 Then Sorrow's Self appeared to bring again  
 Sweet, soothing balms to heal the woes of men.

Hail happy Easter Morn!  
 The Cross' shame is gone,  
 The cold, gray tomb o'ercome,  
 And Christ again is born.  
 We greet Thee, risen Lord of Love!  
 We greet thee, holy day of days!  
 Let alleluias rise above,—  
 To Him aris'n eternal praise.  
 The cloudy sky that threatened all the race  
 Is gone, and now the clear expanse of blue,  
 The freshness of the vernal days, efface  
 The dreary past, and bid the world anew  
 Rejoice!

## The Moor's Revenge.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

ALONE under the shadowy trees,  
 Denton and Antoinette stand motionless  
 with hands clasped, gazing into  
 each other's eyes. Love and sadness  
 fill their hearts. They regret the fate  
 that united their loves, yet it bids them linger  
 and swear anew their never-dying devotion.  
 From the clustered lilac bushes yonder,  
 looks Huyllton. The moon's rays reveal the  
 envy in his eyes as he looks upon the lovers  
 standing silent beneath the branches.

He withdraws his head quickly and beckons  
 to a shadow in the darkness.

"A bit of wifely indelicacy," he says with  
 sarcastic coldness, as Delome advances.

The husband's face flushes with a sudden  
 anger, and he glares angrily at Huyllton. The  
 latter perceives the fierce eye, and he points  
 toward the lovers deprecatingly.

Delome remains motionless for a moment.  
 His face reveals the conflict in his soul. He  
 longs to rush and tear the brush aside and  
 there behold his Antoinette in an other's  
 embrace, and yet he dreads to know the  
 truth, and a clinging reluctance holds him fast.  
 At last he throws off the staying influence,  
 and runs to the bushes and peers through.  
 He starts at the sight that is revealed to his  
 eyes, and his body shakes with anger. He  
 has all along remained deaf to the tales that  
 Huyllton—once spurned by Antoinette—has  
 brought to his ear concerning a certain man  
 that each night comes to the theatre where he  
 and Antoinette are acting, and from the boxes  
 gazes with a lover's eyes on the beautiful  
 woman—receiving her loving glances in return.

And now Delome sees the truth with his  
 own eyes! A jealous passion comes upon him,  
 enveloping and burning up his heart.

Huyllton is observing Delome with satisfac-  
 tion. Suddenly he detects something glittering  
 in Delome's hand, and quick as a flash the  
 jealous man is seized by the arm.

"Put it away," exclaims Huyllton almost  
 commandingly. "Don't risk your own life.  
 Come away, and you will yet discover the  
 whole state of affairs."

Delome turns away, hardly regarding the  
 words of Huyllton, a thousand thoughts, sor-  
 rows, resolutions, whirling through his brain.

Yes, he will wait. But he will follow the  
 lovers closely.

And together the two men leave the spot,  
 shielded by the thick bushes and the over-  
 hanging vines.

Denton, impatient with love, sits in his box  
 at the theatre waiting for the curtain to rise  
 and reveal to his sight the idol of his passion.  
 The theatre, glittering with many lights, is  
 fast filling, and nimble-footed ushers hasten  
 up and down the aisles seating the people.  
 Beautiful women in evening gowns and glit-  
 tering with jewels chatter and whisper to one  
 another, wafting their fans and filling the air  
 with delicate odors. But Denton sees nothing  
 around him. His eyes are directed toward the  
 stage in eager glance. His thoughts are there.  
 Othello will be produced to-night.

Presently the orchestra begins to play, the  
 foot-lamps flash a quick, brilliant light across  
 the richly painted curtain, and slowly it  
 begins to rise. The whispering in the audience  
 dies away.

The play is on. But the wicked Iago and

his artful schemes, and even Othello, who is impersonated by Delome, have little interest for Denton. He is waiting for the appearance of Desdemona—the beautiful Antoinette—and he grows impatient as the by-players go through with the introductory lines.

At last she enters—graceful and fair. Her first glance is at Denton whose heart beats fast at sight of her. He is overcome by her beauty and the look of love in her eyes.

His eyes are constantly upon her. They follow her every movement, and involuntarily his sympathy goes out to her during the different stages in the development of the action.

And thus Denton sits, admiring, loving, thinking of the beautiful Desdemona. Yet in his heart there is a lurking guilt; and he feels that the angry words of Othello are directed to him.

It is the final scene. Othello enters the bed-chamber of Desdemona. He begins to soliloquize on her death. She awakens. He tells her to prepare to meet her God. She trembles. She pleads. But her protestations of innocence are but fuel to the fire of passion that is raging in his soul, and his anger grows fiercer and more terrible as he reproves her for her supposed faithlessness. The look in his eyes is fearful to behold. Denton becomes uneasy. Every word strikes his heart. He fears that the wrath of Othello is genuine. Delome must be really infuriated, so vivid is his agony.

The awful moment is at hand. Denton begins to grow dizzy as Othello nears the couch upon which Desdemona is lying. A mist gathers before Denton's eyes. Indistinctly he hears the woman pleading for her life; he hears her stifled cries, her prayers, and, like in a dream, he sees Othello raise the shining dagger and bury it deep into the heaving white breast.

With one mighty effort Denton rouses himself from his stupor and rushes madly out upon the stage. The audience is startled. A cry of derision descends from the galleries, but ceases quickly. Denton and Delome are seen grappling with each other. Then a cry of horror rings out over the whole house. A bloody dagger is in the hand of Delome. Suddenly Denton utters a cry and falls to the floor grasping his side. Delome rushes from the stage. The audience becomes terrified. Women scream and faint, and men and stage-hands rush in and surround the dead bodies of Antoinette and her lover, Denton.

Lines.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

IN a grassy glen where wild phlox grows,  
Beside a dank and mossy brink  
Of a rushing rill where wood birds drink,  
In gloomy woods my reverie goes.

The sunshine on the ripple glows,  
And in the pools the shadows blink.  
Upon the stream, as on it flows,  
The sweet briar wafts its petals pink.

No cresses greener seen than those  
That in its dimples rise and sink,  
And even now I often think  
Of life as but a rill that flows  
In a grassy glen where wild phlox grows  
Beside a dank and mossy brink.

My Lady Weathervane.

EDWARD C. BROWN, '99.



WAS surprised and pained when I received a note from Louise Sherman telling me that our engagement was at an end. It was true that I did not look with disfavor upon the fact that her father was very rich; but Louise was pretty, and I considered myself deeply in love with her. On the evening before, I had called and she had refused to see me; but I thought the cause of this rebuff was merely a slight touch of anger. The next day showed me that I was mistaken, for she requested me not to attempt to see her.

In my despair, I appealed to her brother George; and found out what the trouble really was. Louise had requested me to call on Thursday evening. I misunderstood, and went on Friday. I groaned as I remembered meeting George at the home of Miss Harrington on Thursday evening. I explained matters to George and he believed me. He pleaded with Louise, but she was relentless. I tried in vain to beg her forgiveness. I called and she refused to see me; I wrote and my letter was returned; I even telephoned, but as soon as she recognized my voice, she left the telephone.

For a week, I actually persuaded myself that I was heart-broken; and at first I ate almost nothing. My appetite, however, was so great that I decided not to starve to death. One morning George told me that Louise had gone to Spirit Lake to visit an aunt. He also



advised me to take a vacation. I am not unusually quick in comprehending anything; but I soon saw what George meant, and the next day I was at Spirit Lake. There is no large town there; but the shores of the lake are covered with summer cottages. I secured a room at a cottage three miles from the home of Mrs. Marston, Louise's aunt.

At George's advice, I did not call on Lousie, but waited for an accidental meeting. It came about in an unexpected way. I became so impatient at my failure to see her that I determined to call on her. In making my way through the woods, which are very dense at Spirit Lake, I stepped on a log and twisted my ankle.

The ground where I had fallen was very damp, and it was almost two hours before my cries for assistance were heard. Then the cool evening air chilled me, and the result was pneumonia. For three weeks, I was very sick. Then I wrote to Louise. She came immediately, and I was overjoyed to hear her call me "Frank," and give my hand an affectionate squeeze. She expressed her sorrow and sympathy, and the look in her eyes told me that she meant it. When I explained how the accident had happened,—she nearly cried. She came to see me every day. She never referred to our quarrel, nor would she let me mention it.

I had been very sick and it was several weeks before I was out of bed. Just as I was able to walk, Louise went away. She was gone a week, and I was so discontented during that time that within a few days I was in bed again. When she came back, I tried to tell her how I had missed her. She said "Hush," but the look in her eyes told me that I had been forgiven. I was soon able to be out of bed; and in a few days the physician gave me permission to go where I pleased. I first went to see Louise. The day was hot, and I proposed a walk in the woods. We came to a seat in a lonely place, and sat down.

"Louise," I said, "are you sure you have forgiven me?"

"Oh! Frank I am the sinner. Have *you* forgiven *me*?"

"Haven't I been trying for weeks to tell you so? But my letters were returned and you refused to listen."

"Oh! not that, Frank. Have you forgiven me for—for the other?"

"What other?"

"Haven't you heard? Didn't George tell you? Why, I'm engaged to Mr. Ross."

### A Natural Mistake.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.



It is a disputed question, whether or not Mrs. Jack was managing when she introduced Will Hanlon to Miss Courtney, anyway, she did it premeditatedly, and some would say with malice aforethought. Certainly she must have known what the consequences would be, for Mrs. Jack had learned her share of life's lessons and had had some actual experience.

Will was one of those bright young men, very promising indeed, but unfortunately not the possessor of a cent outside of his weekly salary, which salary would hardly be called munificent—newspaper salaries seldom are.

As regards worldly possessions Miss Courtney was not at all his superior, and this is what made Mrs. Jack's otherwise harmless introduction a crime. Even the most romantic person will admit that the pretty daughter of a retired army officer, and a good-looking reporter should never be introduced. If they become acquainted their friends should feel that it is a friend's duty to keep them separated as much as possible. Mrs. Jack did not even do this, and thus increased her guilt. She and Will were related in some manner, as person's often are, but just how and in what degree they never could settle. Each had a different theory, and debating on the subject had made Will welcome at Mrs. Jack's home at any and all times. Not having a home of his own he availed himself of his privilege frequently.

Miss Courtney came to visit Mrs. Jack. The neighbors haven't yet decided whether she invited her on purpose or not. The majority think she did. Of course, Will met Miss Courtney; at first mere acquaintances, very formal, conversation including the various phases of the weather, literature, favorite author, and so on. Even so broad a field as this becomes worn, especially with a young man and a young woman, so they became friends.

To all outward appearances affairs remained at the friendship point on the scale of affection, but inwardly things were different, very different. Almost unknown to the principals the mercury was going towards the top with amazing rapidity, and it was only a question of time when it would reach the top with a bang. Of course, true love never ran smooth, and this case had to follow the time-honored cus-

tom. One day a decidedly cool wave was perceptible, and Will did not call at Mrs. Jack's, but sat moodily in his room, the most miserable man on earth.

The next day was Will's day off; he didn't welcome it with the joy he was wont to—there was no pleasure in having a holiday when one did not know what to do with himself. The police reporter was sick—sick was the word he used, the right word has nothing to do with this story. Will gladly accepted the chance to smother his sorrows in the police station. He felt that there were some persons in that place who were as down-hearted as himself. Thirty days in the workhouse is almost as serious a trouble to some persons as a lover's quarrel.

Over on the east side two Poles were in love with the one young lady. The object of their affections apparently could make no definite choice, so the two Poles started to settle the matter in the Polish way, which is not very refined, but usually highly effective. After drinking enough alcohol to run a five horse power engine, they started to eliminate each other. When a policeman took objection to their way of acting he was given to understand that he would receive his share if he interfered, and so, like the wise guardian he was, he telephoned for the patrol wagon. This was about half past four when the crowds on the street are the thickest. Will got into the wagon and rode out to the scene of the trouble. When they arrived they found the officer in a rather doubtful position; one of the Poles had escaped, and the one remaining was making the occasion interesting for his captor.

The prisoner was helped into the wagon, rather hastily and not over gently, but little things like that have to be overlooked when the law is in a hurry. He made his objections known in that vigorous manner that foreigners soon learn. Will was seated opposite him, probably thinking of Miss Courtney, when he suddenly found himself on the floor of the wagon, in a fair way to lose his identity. A few inquisitive taps from the officers' clubs brought the warlike Pole back to his seat, and when Will sat up, his straw hat was rimless, and the rest of his apparel more or less disturbed, to say nothing of sundry bruises.

Miss Courtney knew that this was Will's day off, and she had been expecting that he would come and make everything lovely again, but he didn't, so she went to the *matinée*. Perhaps she might meet Will; he hardly could pass her on the street without speaking to

her, and if he spoke who knows what would happen. So Miss Courtney went to the *matinée*.

The performance was just over when the patrol wagon came down the street, the driver ringing the gong vigorously. The crowd looked, and some body said: "Hello! Will," and Will smiled a sorrowful recognition.

Miss Courtney was horrified, more than that, she was indignant; and for a moment she determined that she would see Will no more.

"Maybe he is badly hurt," she thought; then in a moment she forgave him, in the next she resolved to help him. With a resolute air she started for the police station; she faltered a little when it came to opening the door, but she plucked up courage and went in. The desk sergeant instinctively tipped his helmet, knowing in an instant that she did not belong to his usual class of visitors.

"Mr. Officer, a friend of mine was arrested to-day. A Mr.—Mr.—MacDonald. Can I do anything for him?" Her voice sank to a mere whisper. This was something new for the officer; he looked at her for a moment, and then turned to the register. After a moment's search he turned and said:

"No, ma'am, there's been nobody of that name brought in to-day. About what time was he arrested?"

"Just a few moments ago, as I was coming out of the theatre I saw him in the patrol wagon, and he was all bruised. I think it's a shame the way you officers treat people, I do."

The thought of Will being roughly handled by a policeman made Miss Courtney quite savage.

"What—!" The sergeant turned around to straighten his face.

"Wait a moment, ma'am, I'll go and look in the cells."

He didn't go to the cells, but to the wash-room where Will was trying to make himself presentable. Seizing that young man by the coat collar he urged him out before Miss Courtney in a most ungentle manner.

"How dare you treat him like that, you coward! Oh Will! what is the matter? Why were you arrested?" and, womanlike, Miss Courtney commenced to cry.

Will does not buy so many neckties now, neither does he smoke so many cigars. He does not cash his check in the saloon Saturday nights with the rest of the boys; in fact, he is a different fellow, and his companions of olden time are all unanimous in condemning Mrs. Jack Stevens for introducing Will MacDonald to that girl.

## If Silent Lips Could Speak.

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

**D**ISCONSOLATE murmurings breathe of mis-  
content  
And lowering war-clouds flash portentous light;  
The fiends of strife intrigue to turn the might  
Of peaceful peoples into fierce dissent.

The blood-drenched fields yield up their battle-slain  
To tell the selfish hordes of coming evil days;  
War's dark foreboding, blood-writ, feebly stays  
A clamoring for sacrifice that's vain.

Could ocean's deep and cavernous cells release  
The bondaged spirits from their rocking grave,  
Would not their tales of lone, dark vigils save  
The restless legions, and bid all turmoil cease?

## AN INVOCATION.

Sweet Peace, we pray thee, guide us from this verge;  
We sicken at the sight beyond the brink:  
Lead thou us to thy goal, nor let us sink  
Prone 'neath the bite of War's and Famine's scourge

## The White Chapel Club.

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.

**S**ATURDAY was Tom Howard's "day off" from the local staff and he had made an appointment to attend the theatre in the evening with Lieutenant Fiejo, a young Spanish officer in the escort of Princess Eulalia, who was attending the World's Fair.

Howard had met Fiejo in the course of his newspaper work, and the lieutenant had aided him in the study of Spanish. After the play Howard suggested a visit to the White Chapel Club. This club was made up exclusively of newspaper men. Its rooms were in a dingy basement located in Newspaper Alley. The furnishing of the club-rooms were as gruesome as the tragedies of the London quarters that suggested the name. The decorations were skulls of criminals, weapons of bandits, and the like. The songs were drinking songs, and the members were seldom permitted to leave the rooms in a sober condition.

Howard was almost sorry he had asked the lieutenant to visit the rooms that night; he knew the members would be more hilarious than usual because they had been paid that day in the newspaper offices.

"The White Chapel, as you will see," explained Howard, "is a little out of the ordinary

in the way of a club, and a sober man will not see much in it to admire."

The dark, murky surroundings were repulsive enough to the young Spaniard, but when he began to look over the relics that had been gathered from the jails and charnel houses an involuntary shudder crept over him.

"This is a sight that would make a man shiver," said the lieutenant in a jocular manner.

"It makes you shiver, does it?" replied a half drunken upstart. "I guess you are a tin soldier if you can't stand these."

The lieutenant's face flushed at the insulting remark. Howard stepped forward.

"I will have you understand, sir," said he addressing the youth, "that this gentleman is my guest and he must be treated with respect."

"Ho, ho!" sneered the young fellow, "you don't like it?"

"No, I don't," retorted Howard, and he slapped the fellow in the face. Several members pressed in and prevented further trouble. Howard and his friend left the rooms.

"Lieutenant," said Howard, "this is a most unfortunate occurrence. I hope you will overlook it. I have done with that club—it is no place for a man."

"I appreciate the circumstances," replied the lieutenant, "but I must thank you for your generous action."

The President had issued the proclamation of war. The army was to invade Cuba. The managing editor called Howard into his office.

"I want you to go to the front," he said. "You are not to wait for the army, but get on the island as early as possible. Get an interview with Gomez and the other Cuban leaders. It is a hazardous undertaking and you are at liberty to decline the place."

"When shall I start?" asked Howard.

"At once," replied the editor.

Howard reached Tampa a few days before the *Gussie* was to sail for Cuba with supplies for the insurgents. He presented his army pass and was permitted to embark with the expedition. There were no Cubans to receive the supplies when the vessel reached the appointed place, and the captain had no other alternative than to return to Tampa.

There was another correspondent, Edward Jarrod, on board. His mission was similar to that of Howard's. The two held a consultation. Howard was determined to go, and his resolution influenced Jarrod. They felt there was no real danger, because the insurgents were

reported to be in control of that part of the island. So they asked to be put ashore.

They had travelled several miles without meeting a person. As they reached the top of a hill they saw a body of horsemen advancing toward them.

"The Cubans," shouted Jarrod, throwing his hat in the air.

"Be careful, man!" said Howard, "they may be Spaniards. It will be safer for us to hide in the brush until they come up."

The two correspondents peered through the shrubbery as the horsemen came clattering down the road. The clothes of the riders were faded and dust covered, their faces tanned, and almost black.

"Spanish guerillas," whispered Howard, "lie still!"

"Nonsense," replied Jarrod, "the Spaniards would not dare venture out in this part of the island."

The horsemen were now abreast with them.

"Cuba Libre!" shouted Jarrod, springing from the ground, and waving his hat.

"Halt!" commanded the officer. The riders drew their horses up with a jerk, and a dozen guns were pointed at the startled correspondent.

"You fool!" groaned Howard.

A word from the officer and two men dismounted to take hold of Jarrod, Howard lay without moving. The concentrated thoughts of ten years flashed through his mind in an instant, and every imaginable form of death presented itself to him.

"There is no mercy in the Spaniards," he thought, "and I shall make them pay for my life."

He jumped to his feet, and fired point blank at the officer. The shot went wide of its mark, and before he could fire again the revolver was knocked from his hand by a sabre.

"Are you Americans?" asked the officer.

A sullen nod from Howard was the reply.

"I shall arrest you as spies. You are within our lines."

The prisoners were bound and placed on horseback. The troop halted at the barracks where they were quartered, and the prisoners were searched. Their army passes and side-arms were taken, and they were placed under guard. The officer read the passes carefully, then fixing his eyes upon the men, he studied their faces closely for a moment and went out.

Jarrod had not spoken since his capture. He sat in a chair with his hands crossed in his lap staring blankly at the floor. Howard

lighted a cigarette and walked to the window; his face was set and resolute. As he turned he saw Jarrod.

"Damn you, Jarrod," he said bitterly, "you are responsible for this."

Jarrod raised his eyes.

"Yes, it was my fault," he said in a weak voice.

The utter hopelessness depicted in his voice and countenance struck Howard as something ridiculous, and he burst into a laugh.

"Brace up, old man," he said to Jarrod, "it's tough luck, but we'll have to die game."

An order was handed to one of the guards. He read it and motioned to the prisoners to follow. They were conducted to a low square building across the plaza. In the room into which they were taken, were a number of officers in consultation. The one that had made the capture stood up.

"What are your names?" he asked. They were given to him, then he continued: "Within the meaning of the law you are spies, you were taken within our lines. Do you know the penalty attached to this crime?"

He spoke in a low, cold tone with a broad Spanish accent.

"We are not spies," said Howard. "At most we are only prisoners of war, as you can see from our passes. We are correspondents and noncombatants."

"You carried arms," said the officer, "you are not noncombatants. You were brought here in a ship of the enemy. The evidence is complete—*we hang spies!*"

The dark eyes of the officer were fixed on Howard. His words were driven with the force of steel.

"This is horrible," groaned Jarrod.

"I demand a fair trial," said Howard, "we can prove—"

"Enough of that," interrupted the officer, "we have settled that matter. Have you any request to make?"

Neither of the men spoke. Then the officer continued:

"Don't you wish me to send a piece of the rope to your White Chapel Club?"

#### Canned Goods.

OUR bounteous harvests thus we treat—  
 Sure 'tis a clever plan—  
 We eat as much as we can eat  
 And what we can't we can.

J. J. D.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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THE SCHOLASTIC extends to Reverend James S. Ready the sympathy of both faculty and students. Last Monday he received a telegram from his home near Cleveland announcing the death of his mother. The students of Sorin Hall, of which department Father Ready is rector, held a meeting the same evening, and appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions expressive of their condolence.

It is so long since it occurred, that we feel ourselves unable to make more than a brief mention of the lecture given by the Reverend Dr. Shane of the Catholic University of Washington. On March 20, the occasion of his visit at Notre Dame, he talked very interestingly on the great Irish legend, "The Annals of the Four Masters." The Doctor being a notable literary man himself as well as a historian of no mean ability was capable of handling his subject in an appreciable manner. He was not forcible or strong in his delivery, as he read nearly all his matter from copious notes. The value of his lecture lay in the thoroughness with which the subject was handled. It may be truthfully said, though it is a regrettable fact, that the ordinary American knows very little

about Irish poetry and literature in general. He is contented with hearing of Ireland as the land of sages and poets, but it never occurs to him to look into the works of the men that won this title for her. It would be fortunate if a few more men like Dr. Shane could be interested in making the work of Erin's writers better known. From what we have of it, it has proved very fascinating, and there is little doubt that if the people knew more about it they would relish it better.

If you have not noticed it already, the SCHOLASTIC invites you to take a glance at his picture on the frontispiece of this edition. Whatever your opinion of his looks may have been, whether from his jokes you took him to be a portly, good-natured, motley-minded gentleman, or from his wisdom you suspected him of being a small, keen-eyed, frowning sage, now you can put these mind-pictures aside and see him as he is. In the various persons of the editors, you find him nearly the same old fellow that he has always been.

Generations of students may come, stay with us awhile and go away, but old SCHOLASTIC is with us forever, and without him Notre Dame would not be what it is. He is the most cosmopolitan being at the University; it is not beneath his dignity to meet the professors occasionally and have a chat with them, though ordinarily you find him among the more aristocratic "rooters." He keeps in close touch with all that is taking place in the various halls, seems to be well acquainted with all the residents, and exerts a widespread influence among them. Though not an athlete himself, he is always on the grounds to back up the players and render them any assistance in his power.

You may find some alterations in his style this year. They are small, however, for, as a rule, the SCHOLASTIC is not fashionable, and rarely secures more than one new costume in a twelve-month. He makes his annual Easter appearance now simply to announce that starting in with next Monday, he will resume his old position in society, and accept any and all invitations to be present at post-Lenten festivities. Expecting, as he does, to meet many of you during the next weeks of gaiety, he is contented for the present with offering you the compliments of the season and wishing you the best of all that will tend to keep your shadow covering a respectable portion of the earth.

PAUL J. RAGAN.



## Athletics.

**T**HIS spring marks a new epoch in the athletic departments of Notre Dame.

During the past two years great improvement was made in baseball; and the track department practically dates its origin from the season of '98. These were the initial steps for the jump we expect to make now. The men at the head of the teams then were the ones to break the ice, and they may justly take to themselves a great deal of the responsibility for our present success. The managers find it much easier now to secure teams and games than it was some years ago, and besides, with the advantages we now have for training, they are put at the head of better teams. At the opening of the season now our teams are as far advanced as they would be by May first, when we depended altogether on outdoor training. It is not an idle boast to say that our men are in shape as good, if not better, than those of any other college in the West.

\*\*\*

Although it would seem like thrashing old straw to say anything more in these columns about our new gymnasium, still there is one thing that has been completely overlooked: we have more men this year to choose our team from than we ever had before. Last spring when the track team went to Indianapolis, every available man that could do anything on track or field was taken along. It was thought that there was not a man left behind, that would stand show of winning even a third place. The same was true of baseball. We had nine men on the Varsity, and they represented nearly all the material at the University. When anything happened one of the regular players we scarcely knew whom to call to fill the vacant place. Old students will remember that when Powers retired from two games on account of sickness, the weakness of our substitute catcher was apparent, too much so to our supporters.

\*\*\*

Fortunately, things have shaped themselves differently this year. It is not a question of where we will find the man for the position, but which man shall we choose? After the team is picked there will be many men left that can fill the positions admirably, if there should arise any necessity for their services.

When the local "fans" and track team

"rooters" consider this they are contented with saying that we have an abundance of good material. However, a moment's reflection shows that we had the same material before. On the track team, Connor is the only new man thus far; on the baseball list, O'Neill, Daly and Holland are the only men that were not with us before. There are only four men, then, on both teams that came to us this year. This is a smaller number than we usually find among the freshmen. The fact remains that it is not because of new material that our teams are strengthened; it is because the old men had proper facilities for training and were wise enough to take advantage of these facilities.

\*\*\*

Now we shall speak more particularly of the track team. When our men brought back the pennant from the Indiana meet last spring we had gained all that we hoped for. We can be more ambitious now, since we have the same men with us, with the exception of Hoover and Kearney, and besides we have men that can simply run away with last year's records. Since our victory of March 11, in which the strong teams of Chicago and Illinois were against us, we have no hesitancy in bidding on local stock at par. Duane and O'Brien are the best short distance runners that Notre Dame has had since the days of "Hal" Jewett. Captain Fred Powers is the same champion he was last year, and then he was considered a pretty strong field team all in himself. With him and Eggeman of last year's team in the shot-put, hammer throw and discus events; with Glynn to help the captain in the high jump and pole vault; and with both these men, aided by Corcoran and Duane for the running broad jump, we will, both literally and figuratively speaking, make the members of other teams "jump" for their places. In the mile run Connor will beat any man in the West. Only a few seconds behind world's record time he runs his race well all through, and finishes with a wonderful sprint. In the quarter and half mile races Corcoran is running better than ever before; Herbert is in the pink of condition, and Martin O'Shaughnessy is preparing to run with any of them. The hurdles will be left in care of Powers and Duane. Other men of promise that may find places on the team in the near future are Butler, Wynn, who has already run with the team, and Dupérier; Grady, Foley and Gaffney will do the bicycle riding for us.

Manager Eggeman and trainer Engledrum are responsible in no small measure for the success of the team; the former in securing a large number of meets; the latter in putting the men in the best condition for the events. Mr. Engledrum is not a new hand at training, and, as he is an old athlete himself, is the best man we could secure to take care of our men. Mr. Eggeman announces the following meets for the rest of the season. April 20, dual meet with Purdue at Notre Dame; May 20, dual meet with Chicago on Marshall field; May 27, Indiana Intercollegiate at Indianapolis; and if we are admitted to the Western Intercollegiate, we shall compete in that meeting, June 3.

\* \*

In speaking of baseball we would like to urge the adoption of a plan that was mentioned in the SCHOLASTIC before Christmas. This is the organization of teams in the various halls. In other universities and colleges they have class teams that play good ball, furnish practice games for the Varsity and develop the material from which the Varsity is chosen. We could follow the same plan with our hall-teams, and on account of being always here together could follow it to great advantage. It is a fact that nearly all the great athletes of Notre Dame came from Carroll Hall. In this hall there is more athletic activity than in all the other halls put together, and this accounts for the developing of men like Jewett, the Sinnotts, Fitzgibbons, Gillon, John Flannigan and others spoken of as stars. If we can stir up the same enthusiasm in Brownson and Sorin Halls we will have athletes and ball players to spare. For the short time that Sorin and Brownson played football last fall it aroused great enthusiasm. Time was when such contests were frequent and when the inter-hall games were as exciting as Varsity games. Those were the games that made prominent the men spoken of before and also men like Combe, McCarrick, Myers, Carter, and many others. Now, we have just as good men here to-day; and if Sorin, Brownson, St. Joseph and Carroll Halls will only get out of their present inactivity, put interest into the games, and organize teams to fight for the honor of their respective departments, baseball will be played at Notre Dame as it was never played before.

\* \*

A word or two now about the Varsity. It is customary for writers at the opening of the season to assume a prophetic rôle, and predict

that "this year's team will be the best we ever had." Although it may be well to hold fast to old customs, in this case let us depart from the established one, and reserve our predictions until the end of the season. We shall have a good team, a very good team. While Mr. Powers was here they made great improvement under his able coaching. From being captain of our team for the past two years he knew well where we were weakest. Coming back with a year's experience in the league he built the team up well, and left them a few weeks ago in good shape. Mr. Hering, now in charge of the team, is carrying the work along as it was started. Mr. Macdonald, captain and first baseman, plays his position as well as any man in the West, knows a thing or two about athletics, and will see to it that his men do their work properly. The players can rely upon him with certainty that our interests will be carefully looked after. As we have nothing but indoor practice so far, we shall not speak of the work of the candidates now, but wait until they are out on the diamond.

\* \*

I regret that at this date I am unable to publish the schedule of games. Some few days ago the Chicago papers contained a schedule for Notre Dame, but that schedule will not be played. It is not a fraud upon the people that the schedule was so published, nor is it the work of a reporter looking to fill up space. At the time that it was given out it was considered authentic, and it was fully expected that we should play the games as represented. On account of the cold weather and poor conditions of the diamonds in the West, it was not only advisable but even necessary to cancel the games scheduled for next week. The Michigan-Wisconsin-Illinois vs. Chicago trouble has made further changes in the programme necessary. However, I do not think this will interfere seriously with our interests. We shall play nearly as many games, but will have to play them on different dates, hence I can not, with certainty, publish a schedule, and I think it advisable not to publish one until I can feel sure that it will be followed out. It is too bad that our other programme could not be played. In the next few days, however, I hope to have matters all re-arranged satisfactorily, and then those for whom the schedule is prepared may have the pleasure of seeing it published, and, I trust, of further seeing it carried out to the letter.

PAUL J. RAGAN.

## Exchanges.

THE current number of the St. Mary's *Chimes* contains the scholarly address on patriotism recently delivered at Saint Mary's by the Rev. Professor Crumley of the University. In the same number there is a paper on "Memory and Imagination" by Miss Anna E. Quinlan. Miss Quinlan's essay is well written, and it contains solid material; it shows much original thought as well as knowledge of psychology and familiarity with the views of the different psychologists. The verse is in keeping with the usual high standard set by the *Chimes*, and the Literary Jottings and Exchanges are cleverly written and bright.

\*\*

To those of us that are fond of tradition there is a special charm surrounding the University of Virginia. This institution occupies a place both in history and in story. The name of Jefferson is inseparably linked with it. It is the University, we feel sure, that Marse Chan, and men like him, attended. No wonder is it, then, that we take a special interest in the University of Virginia *Magazine*. The *Magazine*, however, is welcomed for its own sake. Mechanically, it is very artistic, and its contents are of a high order.

\*\*

The March number of the Columbia *Literary Monthly* contains a carefully prepared article on the "American Historical Novel." The writer points out that the purpose of a historical novel is not to convey a knowledge of history, but that its purpose is the same as that of novels of any class, and its difference lies merely in the means of fulfilling this purpose.

In the April number there is an interesting paper comparing Augier and Dumas fils. "Father Time's Children" is a clever bit of blank verse work, and Mr. Crane's story is very good; its dialogue is excellent.

\*\*

The *Red and Blue* from the University of Pennsylvania contains in its current number a very interesting paper on the famous Brook Farm venture. "Mr. Hardaker and Daughter" is the title of a clever story by Mr. Mitchell. "The Thief of Time" is not so good. The author intends his hero to be a strong, manly fellow that can not resist the temptation to fight for his country; but, to judge from his conversation, Hugh Barton was better fitted to

go to war in company with the ladies of the Red Cross Society than as a member of a battery composed of men. In the description of the mock battle between Lieutenant Barton and the poodle dog there occurs an anachronism: officers of the army do not wear brass buttons on their fatigue blouses. We miss Mr. Lincoln's drawings from the March number, but we are glad to find that Mr. McClellan has not failed to make some verse.

\*\*

The Yale *Courant* is the most pleasing and perhaps the cleverest paper in the whole realm of college literature. It is daintily artistic; and in both form and matter it is original. Fiction and verse must be plentiful at New Haven, for evidently only the best is chosen for the *Courant*, and there is much that is the best. The standard of excellence never varies. We also enjoy the "Bachelor's Kingdom," under which title appears critical reviews of the newly published books.

\*\*

The *Brunonian* for March is a little scant in essays and stories, but it makes up for this lack by giving a plentiful supply of "Brown Verse" and "Etchings." The paper on "Stevenson's Later Stories" is well prepared. The writer truly remarks that the effect of Stevenson's industry was evident, and that each succeeding year his work was becoming better. The paper would be more complete were the essays of the great writer also considered.

\*\*

Before the present editorial board of the Wellesley *Magazine* gives way to the ambitious Juniors we wish to congratulate it upon its work in general and upon that Undergraduate Number in particular. In that number Miss Cook, the editor-in-chief, showed herself well able to fill the leading place which usually is reserved for alumnae contributions. Her paper on Jacobean Tragedies was one of unusual merit, and it proved its author a graceful essayist. In quoting recently a remark of mine concerning the work done by young ladies at their colleges, this same editor seemed to doubt my sincerity. I assure her that I was sincere. And since reading her essay and Miss Wherry's story in the Undergraduate Number, and those prize sonnets in the current number, I can particularize, and say that the young ladies of Wellesley College do excellent work, and that their verse shows skill above the ordinary.

SHERMAN STEELE.

## Personal.

—Dr. Malcolm Gunn of Chicago was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mr. John A. Murray of New York spent a few days of last week at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. J. P. Sherlock of Chicago was the guest of her son for a few days last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Finlay of Jacksonville, Ill., were the recent guests of their son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. H. B. Wyman of Sheldon, Iowa, has been visiting at the University for several days past.

—Mrs. Steele of Columbus, Ohio, is visiting at Notre Dame, the guest of her son Mr. Sherman Steele.

—Mr. R. B. Hesse, Jr., student, '94-'96, is the Democratic Nominee for City Treasurer of Fort Madison, Iowa.

—Mr. William J. Towle, student '85-'86, will be married on Wednesday, April 12, 1899, to Miss Foley of Saint Paul.

—Mr. and Mrs. Barlow of Helena, Arkansas, have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Frances Allison, to Mr. Andrew Pomeroy Coolidge, student '90-'93.

—The Fort Wayne papers have praised very highly the sermon recently delivered in that city by the Rev. Thomas A. Crumley who holds the chair of Psychology at the University.

—Miss Genevieve Veeder and Miss May Feldher of Jacksonville, Mich., who are visiting at St. Mary's, spent Wednesday afternoon at the University, the guests of Mr. E. C. Brown.

—The recent announcement in this column that Mr. Jerome J. Crowley had joined the ranks of the Benedicts was a mistake, and Mr. Crowley requests us to state that he still is single.

—Among the very welcome visitors of recent date were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Burns of Laramie, Wyo., who, with Mrs. Burns and Mr. Will Burns, '96, of Michigan City, spent several pleasant days at Notre Dame as the guests of the Rev. Father Burns.

—Christopher Fitzgerald, C. E., '94, who has been doing excellent engineering work with the 7th Army Corps in Cuba, has been rewarded by promotion. He now wears two bars instead of one in his straps and commands a company of engineers. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Captain Fitzgerald, and wishes him continued success.

—Mr. Charles C. Picquette, C. E., '91, is fast gaining prominence as an engineer. For a few years after leaving college he was with the Lake Shore R.R. Co., but now he holds the important position of Engineer Maintenance of Way of the Peoria and Eastern Division of the Big Four with headquarters at Indianapolis.

## Local Items.

—FOUND.—A knife. Call at room 6, Sorin Hall.

—Do not fail to see the play on Easter Monday.

—At Mass to-morrow morning the choir will sing Schoep's Mass in A.

—Get your peepers on E. Guy Easter Sunday morning. He is going to be a "weal wawm, don't cher know."

—We have ordered eight dozen Spalding snowballs to be used in our first games of baseball next month.

—The Hon. Clem Studebaker of South Bend, and Professor Campbell of Wabash College, took dinner at the University last Wednesday.

—The bottom flat of Sorin Hall will no longer be known as the "Rue de Legal." In the new directory it is called "Hospital Row."

—If Haley had shaved off that infernal white moustache two weeks ago, we might have had a green Easter. Nature likes to be in harmony, at least as far as color goes.

—Wanted.—People to yell for the Sq—t. Reward.—A pleasant smile from the editors.

An energetic young boy, like Yocke, to carry water during the evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.

—PUZZLE.—Find the handsome gentleman on the frontispiece of this SCHOLASTIC. The person first solving this puzzle will be rewarded by receiving a photograph of the gentleman in question.

—The new baseball suits for this year's Varsity have arrived. The Victor Sporting Goods Co. of Springfield, Massachusetts, are the makers, and the uniforms are satisfactory in every respect. They will be kept in the manager's room until the team is picked.

—In Moot-Court last Saturday the case of Gutterman vs. Soberman was tried. The plaintiff's charge was false imprisonment. He was represented by Messrs. Kraus and Monahan, while Messrs. Pickett and Hoban looked after the defendant's interests. The case was closely contested, and resulted in a disagreement by the jury.

—For the new styles in Easter bonnets go to Sandwich Highstone, Sorin Hall, Third Promenade. For Easter eggs call and see D. I. Skin. With every egg goes a green sock and also his blessing. Prices very low. Eggs all guaranteed. If you would like choice Easter flowers remember we, the Lilly boys, can supply you. Experience, over night; capitol stock, 11 cents. Clerks good looking and accommodating. Prompt attention given to all mail orders. Give us a call—but have your tobacco with you.

—Mr. George Zeigler, an old student of Notre Dame, is a man that had true college spirit while at Notre Dame and has lost none



of it since he left us. Two years ago when the executive committee sent letters to the old students asking for a little help for the Athletic Association, Mr. Zeigler was first to respond. A few weeks ago, he was also the first man to assist us in getting prizes to be presented at the Indoor Meet of March 11. Not long since an invitation was sent to him asking him to attend the exercises. Finding it impossible to be present, Mr. Zeigler immediately forwarded a money order to the Athletic Association with the price of two tickets.

—A friend of ours that has troubles of his own wrote us a letter accompanied by the following tale of woe:

TOO MUCH.

I bought my love a dainty pet,  
Of purest breed and face of jet,  
With krinky tail and body trim,  
My love was soon in love with him.  
But now that pug I long to slay,  
My wrath's increasing day by day,  
And I have cause for all my woe,—  
She's named that pug dog Cyrano.

—Several students of Sorin Hall have actually "shaken themselves," and they wake up to know that there is willing talent in the Hall to bring forth or produce (as you like) another play. This play could be either in the nature of a drama or something humorous. There is no end to the talent, and besides it is all free. Then there is no reason why we should not be able to have a thoroughly novel performance along about Commencement time, when it would be most appreciated. All the affair needs is to get the students once interested in it, and it would go through without a hitch.

—Every athlete and every man of the Athletic Association is requested to attend the meeting to-night. Several things have occurred during the last few days that are a positive disgrace to Notre Dame, and as the offenders have been caught, we shall take measures this evening to get rid of them. Such outrages have been continued in an underhand manner for a long time and must be stopped at once. We want you all there ready to express your opinion and help to squelch these rascals that are busying themselves with interfering with everything and impeding all progress of our teams. (Before you have prepared a philippic to denounce these 'scoundrels,' and before you puzzle your brain to find out what these outrages are, or where this indignation meeting is to be held, consult your calendar, dear reader, and see what day of the year this is).

—The semi-finals in the contest of debating to determine the ones that will speak in Washington Hall were held on Wednesday and Thursday last. The debate is on the disarmament question which will be debated with Indianapolis University on May 3. There are six survivors, and the final contest will take place probably April 5. The judges will be prom-

inent men from outside the University. The tone of the semi-finals was spirited throughout, and the debates were well attended. The order in which the winners were selected were as follows: In the first debate, Mr. Steele, first; Mr. Weadock, second, and Mr. Barry third. In the second debate the first place was given to Mr. McCollum, the second to Mr. Tierney, and the third to Mr. Schumacher. In Washington Hall the affirmative will be upheld by Messrs. Tierney, McCollum, and Steele in order; the negative by Messrs. Weadock, Schumacher and Barry.

—The chess tournament between Sorin and Brownson Halls took place last Sunday afternoon in the Sorin Hall reading-parlors; as the tournament was not finished, the remaining games will be played next Thursday. As it is they stand even, Sorin Hall having five games to its credit and Brownson the same number.

In the game between Blackman and Murphy, Blackman, Sorin Hall, won; between Meyers and Rumley, Rumley, Brownson Hall, won; Hay and Gaston, Hay, Sorin Hall, won; Baab and Cortez, Baab, Sorin Hall, won; Meyers and Cortez, Meyers, Sorin Hall, won; Hay and Cortez, Hay, Sorin Hall, won; Rumley and Baab, Rumley, Brownson Hall, won; Baab and Gaston, Gaston, Brownson Hall, won; Meyers and Gaston, Gaston, Brownson Hall, won; Hay and Rumley, Rumley, Brownson Hall, won. The best individual playing was done by Mr. Rumley who won his three games. The game between Blackman and Murphy, experts tell us, was one of the best games seen at the University in a long time. Mr. Murphy held out well to the last, but Mr. Blackman was one too many for the New-Yorker.

—The parliamentary society has somewhat changed its method of procedure, since they have arrived at a stage where, under the teaching of Prof. Carmody, they pride themselves with knowing a little parliamentary law. Instead of having Prof. Carmody preside over the meetings they now elect their own presiding officer for a term of four weeks. Mr. John Eggeman was elected unanimously to carry on the work for the first four weeks, and in his official position at the last meeting acquitted himself in a masterly, learned manner. He has a useful knowledge of parliamentary law, and has a good commanding presence. A person can gain a good knowledge of parliamentary law by being active in the assembly; but he seldom masters it unless he is placed in a position where it is necessary to have it at his fingers' end. There will be much rivalry in the selection of the presiding officers hereafter, as the society is progressive and boasts of having many good parliamentarians who will not be contented until they have an opportunity of governing the body. Robert's Rules of Order can be procured at the Office. No student should be without one.



—To look at John Dowd's picture in the front part of this SCHOLASTIC you would scarcely think him capable of devising and carrying out such a trick as this. Somewhere in an old book he read that when a man was falling from the top of a three-story building all the thoughts of his past life flashed across his mind. The other day he met the man that fell from the top of Sorin Hall two years ago, and the same afternoon he also met the man that fell from the gymnasium last fall, and both of these men said that they too could read all their past lives while falling through the air. Just before examination in Christian Doctrine the other morning, Sorin Hallers were greatly surprised at seeing Dowd climb to the top of the flag pole and then jump down to the ground. His friends rushed to the scene expecting to pick him up lifeless. When they got there, however, they found him with a broad smile writing a lot of things on his shirt bosom. He had taken the jump simply to get a look over his past life and refresh his memory for the examinations. He says it is the best kind of way to "cram," and informs us that before the day of the final examination in June, he will jump from the pole at least six times.

#### HEADQUARTERS, NOTRE DAME CADETS.

NOTRE DAME, March 29, 1899.

General Orders, No. 1.—The following promotions and assignments in the University of Notre Dame Battalion of Cadets have been made:—

C. H. Atherton to be Captain of Company A; J. F. Murphy to be Captain of Company B; W. M. Geoghegan to be Captain of Company C; P. J. Ragan to be Captain of Company D.

J. T. Neeson to be First Sergeant; H. C. McAdams, J. W. Newman, J. P. Sherlock and T. Evans to be Sergeants, and all are assigned to Company A.

A. L. Krug to be First Sergeant; J. E. Morgan, W. B. Land and H. E. Brown to be Sergeants, and are assigned to Company B.

W. J. Bellinger to be First Sergeant; E. Werk, G. A. Sinnott, J. L. Slevin and H. P. Druecke to be Sergeants and are assigned to Company C.

P. McGrath to be First Sergeant; J. J. Eiglebach, F. Curtis, F. D. Breslin and D. J. Groogan to be Sergeants, and are assigned to Company D.

These non-commissioned officers will form classes to study the drill regulations under the direction of their captains. Hereafter promotions will be made according to the merit system instead of by seniority. By order of

J. J. GREEN, Comd't. of Cadets,

W. M. GEOGHEGAN, Cadet Capt. and Adj.

—Time, midnight. Temperature, zero. Wind, 102 miles an hour. *Dramatis Personæ*, Jamie and Steiner. Place, Steiner's home on Irbeus flat. Scene, Steiner in bed, snoring in opposition to the frantic elements. Pitcher of water frozen hard on the radiator. Little snow-drift on the window-sill.

Jamie (without, knocking violently on the door): "Stine! Stine! you crusty Dutchman, get next" (deep silence)! "Open up! I want to see you. I'll not be the cause of your funeral" (Repeated knocks and kicks, also expressions for which we have no type).

Steiner grunts, moves, is mad. "What do you want?" he drawls out. "What is this, the fire department?"

Jamie: "Come on! Ring off! Open up here! I have something important to tell you."

Steiner: "Well, tell it. I'm listening."

Jamie: "I can't make it public, it is very important and must be looked after at once."

Steiner reluctantly leaves his bed; looks all around the room for his key; tips over his ink; puts his hand in it; rubs his face, and besmears his night apparel; steps on a bent pin; knocks over his bookcase, and falls under it; extricates himself; begins anew the research; hits pitcher on the radiator; it falls and smashes on his feet. He limps to the window and sits. Snow-drift somewhat uncomfortable, considering his depth of covering. He moves away, steps in the dripping ink, and then on the bosom of his shirt. Finally he remembers the key is in the door. He opens it and encounters Jamie who cheerfully asks him for a cigarette paper. The rest you are not permitted to know.

—The SCHOLASTIC started a kindergarten school of verse not long ago with the intention of developing writers for the Varsity Verse column. Some of the children are making remarkable progress, so much so that we feel justified in publishing the following production by little Johnnie Eggeman. The title of the verse is somewhat misleading, but after reading the "poem" through you can easily see what the boy was aiming at.

#### AN EPIC.

Old "Judge" Brucker  
Was a pretty good looker,  
And a pretty good looker was he;  
He kept his punch-bowl  
Like a merry old soul,  
And he called for his schooners three.

Little Joe Haley  
Wrote two letters daily,  
To a dear little girl far away;  
But one day her dad  
Answered back to the lad,  
And said, "sport, you are getting too gay."

Young Louie Nash  
Went out for a mash,  
And he thought to himself "I'm a daisy."  
But the maids turned aside,  
And derisively cried,  
"I guess the poor boy's going crazy."

There are many more verses of equal rhythm and beauty attached to this "epic," but as the next ones are directed at some of the editors, we shall not publish them lest we spoil the "hit" that these gentlemen expect to make through their pictures in this week's edition.